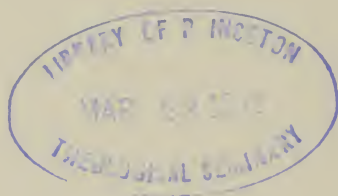


The
CHRONICLE
of the

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1933



I-7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE
LONDON
MISSIONARY
SOCIETY

Contents for June 1933

WINNIAMMA OF ANANTAPUR
By M. L. Christlieb

BY LAKE NGAMI By K. Raditladi

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN TEMPLE
IN MYSORE

AFTER A YEAR IN CHINA
By A. F. Griffiths

IN THE GABOON FOREST—From
"The Devil in the Bush"

PRICE TWOPENCE



Cakes and eggs for sale at a Chinese railway station.

HEADQUARTERS - - 42, BROADWAY, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The RegisterArrivals

Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Hardyman, from Fianarantsoa, April 21st.

Rev. and Mrs. B. T. Butcher, from Aird Hill, April 29th.

Rev. and Mrs. Thos. Tester, from Faravohitra, Tananarive, May 4th.

Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Clark, from Kawimbe, May 5th.

Dr. and Mrs. Ian Orr, and Miss Gwyneth Lawrence, from Neyoor.

Dr. Agnes E. Towers, from Shanghai, May 8th.

Departures

Rev. H. P. Bralsford, appointed to Samoa; Rev. J. A. Kaye, on deputation to Australia, New Zealand and Samoa, per s.s. *Montclare*, April 7th.

Miss E. E. Tidball, returning to Bangalore, per s.s. *Corfu*, from Marseilles, April 28th.

Miss Violet Taylor, returning to Molepolole, per s.s. *Warrick Castle*, April 28th.

Mr. T. E. B. Wilson, proceeding to Tigerkloof on behalf of the Arthington Trustees, per s.s. *Balmoral Castle*, May 5th.

Misses Elizabeth and Eleanor Lormas, returning to Tananarive per s.s. *Jean Laborde*, from Marseilles, May 10th.

Births

BARR.—On April 8th, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Barr, a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth.

MARSDEN.—On April 11th, at Davyhulme, Manchester, to Rev. and Mrs. Harold Marsden, formerly of Tingchow, a daughter, Frances Ruth Lindley.

PORRITT.—On May 14th, at Kasama, Central Africa, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Porritt, of Senga, a son, John Norman.

Marriage

BATE-BROMILOW.—On March 29th, at Keyworth Congregational Church, Nottingham, Harold Bate, under appointment to Central China, to Mary Rebecca Bromilow.

Death

HACKER.—On May 6th, at Kodaikanal, Rev. I. H. Hacker, formerly of Travancore, in his 85th year.

Striking Watch for Sale

A friend has given to the Society a gold repeater (18 carat) watch, which strikes the hours and nearest quarter at any time on moving a lever. The watch is for sale to the highest bidder. Offers (not less than five guineas) subject to approval, should be sent to the Assistant Treasurer.

Luncheon Hour Talks

The last luncheon of the present series will be held on Wednesday, June 14th, at the Memorial Hall, 1 to

2 p.m. The speaker will be Professor Arnold Toynbee, and the topic, "The issue between China and Japan." All men are welcome. Charge for lunch, 1s. 6d. We resume on October 11th, and programmes of these luncheons and talks may be had on application to Rev. S. J. Cowdy, L.M.S., Livingstone House, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

Monthly Prayer Meeting

The M.A.C. prayer meeting will be held on Friday, June 16th, at 5.30 p.m. Rev. S. F. Sullivan, representing the West London Group, will preside, and Mr. Howard Diamond, the Assistant Treasurer of the Society, hopes to be present. All friends are invited to attend.

Wants Department

Two Mission stations ask for Band Instruments (trombones, cornets, kettle-drums, etc.).

Further requests for Typewriters, Gramophones, Records, and Lanterns. Bandages, etc., are always needed.

All further particulars sent on receipt of postcard to Miss New, Hon. Secretary, Wants Department, 42, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1. The leaflets "The Helping Hand" and "How to Send Parcels Abroad" will also be sent free on application.

Swanwick Conference—August 12th to 18th

Applications are coming in steadily for the Swanwick Conference—August 12th to 18th, at The Hayes, Swanwick, Derbyshire, but there must be many who have decided to come whose registration forms have not yet been forwarded to Livingstone House. In a very short time we must know how many to expect at the Conference, and it will greatly relieve the organisation at Headquarters if you send your forms in immediately.

If you are sending delegates, we will gladly reserve a place for them on receipt of the registration fee of 5s., balance £2 12s. 6d. Total £2 17s. 6d.

Applications to Miss Joyce Rutherford, Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1.

Scottish Summer School—July 29th to August 5th

The Scottish Summer School is being held at Bon-skeid House, Pitlochry, from July 29th to August 5th. The following are the speakers:

Rev. T. C. Murphy of Cathcart, Glasgow; Rev. David Stoddart, of Helensburgh; Dr. and Mrs. Wareham, Central Africa; Dr. R. V. Liddell, North China; Rev. G. E. Phillips, Livingstone House; Rev. R. G. Bartlett of Papua and Samoa.

Will you please register as soon as possible if you are intending to go to Pitlochry. Applications to be sent to Rev. J. I. Macnair, 157, Colinton Road, Edinburgh. Fee £2 17s. (including conveyance to and from Pitlochry station).

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT. It is requested that all remittances be made to the Rev. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS. It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank Loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £50 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice. Loans may also be made at 2½% interest repayable on sixty days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

JUNE, 1933

Winniamma of Anantapur

By M. L. CHRISTLIEB.

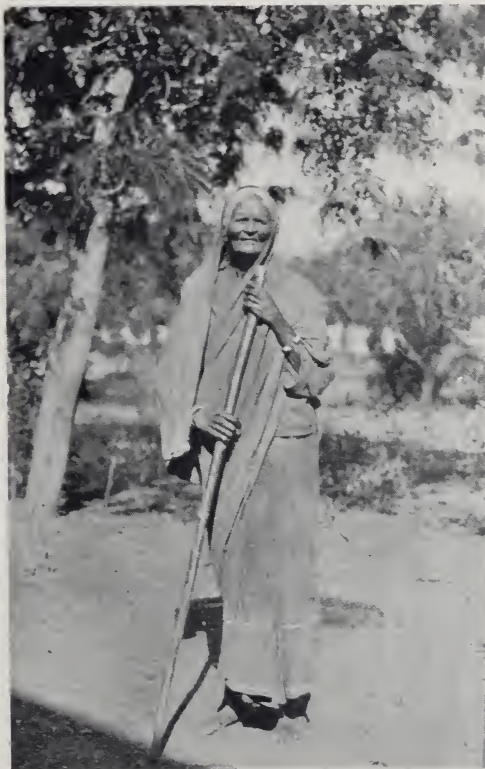
"I AM a hundred years old now," she assured Miss Rawles who found her walking up the veranda steps one morning recently, eager to hear the news of her old missionary friends.

She may not be quite exact in her estimate of time, few Indian villagers are; but she certainly was well over forty when I first met her nearly forty years ago, and was thrilled by the story of her many pilgrimages to shrines and temples in South India, to holy rivers and holy mountains, where she offered her savings, her hair, her bangles and jewels, and prayed many prayers, yet never found the *moksham* and salvation she so passionately desired. Not until she heard a mysterious voice bidding her go to a town in the Anantapur district—a voice she obeyed and set forth not knowing whither she went—did her long quest for peace end, for there she found some Christians who told her the story of Jesus Christ.

The erect and resolute figure in the photograph causes thoughts to travel over the many years of her devoted labours, of many a walk or bullock-cart drive to Indian villages we had together; of her undying zeal which scorned bodily fatigue and often

put me to shame; of the evangelistic fervour which let no opportunity slip, whether offered in her home by her sister, or by neighbours in the bazaar, or by relatives on a visit, or by wayfarers along her road, or by little herd boys driving their

goats past her door, or by sick women in the neighbourhood, or by little forsaken children. One such she rescued from being sold by its father to prostitutes, buying it herself from her slender means; she was past sixty then, but cheerfully undertook the task of nursing the wailing sick baby whom no one expected to live. But love and devotion saved Sadguna, who grew up into a sturdy girl and is now the stay and comfort of Winniamma's old age. Educated and trained at Anantapur, she became a teacher, and is now married to a Christian teacher; living in their home, Winniamma is reaping the reward of those years of self-sacrifice. Her story has been told in the pamphlet* of her



Winniamma to-day.

name in the "Venturer" series, but who could tell the complete story of that life of enthusiastic and selfless service? With joy one thinks of the welcome awaiting her on

* "*Winniamma*" (price 2d., postage ½d., L.M.S.).

the other side from the countless many whom she influenced.

And when one dwells in thought on the unnumbered Telugu village women whose spiritual longings met with no spiritual

enlightenment in this life, is it amiss to look forward to a future where she and I will again set forth on the old quest of trying to make them understand—what all of us have so little grasped yet—the Love of God?

Anniversary Echoes—the United Rally

THIS year's annual meetings will be remembered specially by the United Rally at the Albert Hall on May 10th.

It was a great and reassuring demonstration in which between eight and nine thousand people showed their determination to sustain the missionary work of our churches in spite of all the difficulties of the day—perhaps it was “because of” rather than “in spite of.”

No one looking at that vast audience with its large proportion of young men and women could feel the least anxiety about the future human side of the enterprise.

* * * *

Dr. J. D. Jones, after his recent visit to South Africa, was able to give generous testimony to the place which the London Missionary Society and the Colonial Missionary Society have had in the growth of that great country. Their message of reconciliation was as much needed to-day as ever, for British, Dutch and African must be brought together, and the Gospel provided the only power to bring about such union. By his presence in the chair and his words of high encouragement Dr. Jones gave to the Demonstration the character of an assertion by the Congregational Churches of the paramount importance of the overseas enterprise for the Kingdom of God.

* * * *

Dr. Campbell Morgan had a word to say about Jonah—“the best missionary book in the Old Testament.” Jonah was to be God's messenger to Nineveh, but when the time came “he wasn't where he ought to have been.” Dr. Morgan's memorable address was built upon the words, “When wilt Thou save the people?” which the audience had just been singing. The words are a prayer the answer to which must often have suggested themselves to the singers.

* * * *

Ben Butcher, fresh from Papua—looking

as young as ever, told his story of the power of Grace in ringing tones which hardly needed the amplifier in front of him. Our space does not permit of a repetition here of the good things Mr. Butcher said. He will be heard in the churches and heard with profit.

* * * *

Never before have we had such music at a big meeting. The choir of 850, under Mr. Leonard F. C. Robson, of Union Church, Mill Hill, and the organist, Dr. Thiman, of Park Chapel, Crouch End, gave their best, and it was stirring and fine to a degree unsurpassed.

* * * *

Though the Albert Hall meeting was outstanding in importance, the other meetings were full of the same fine spirit, and all those who spoke or presided did the Society good service. The announced programme of the series was carried out with the one alteration that Mrs. A. P. Cullen, of Tientsin, took the place of Miss K. B. Evans as speaker at the Young People's Rally on May 13th.

* * * *

Readers will be interested to know that the collection at the Albert Hall, after deducting expenses, amounted to £1,000. Mention of the collection suggests “Stewards,” who have a big task in such a building. They were splendidly organised by Messrs. J. S. Welford and Bradley Holmes.

* * * *

Dr. Hubert L. Simpson, of Westminster Congregational Church, preached the Society's Annual Sermon in the City Temple on May 11th. The subject was “The Missionary Mandate,” and the text was “He hath seen . . . I have heard . . . the Lord hath sent”—Acts ix. Many will wish to have the full report of the sermon, which was printed in *The Christian World Pulpit* for May 18th and can be procured from the L.M.S. by post for 3d.

By Lake Ngami

By REV. K. RADITLADI.

I WAS sent by the South African District Committee of the London Missionary Society to help in the work at Maun, the chief native town of Ngamiland, for six months during the Rev. A. Sandilands' stay in Serowe. I spent my Sunday at Donota. The following morning we were in Bulawayo. This great city, once the seat of the kingdom of the warlike Matabele, has attested to the sincerity of the peace that Mr. Rhodes made with the Matabele. Although the town has retained the old name Bulawayo (the place of killing) yet within a few decades the meaning has become changed to that of mutual peace. I saw Matabele lads engaged in many good works, some driving motor cars and lorries, others selling newspapers, many dressed up in different uniforms, while at the station itself some departments were worked by natives alone.

Victoria Falls

About 10 a.m. we were steaming along the line towards the great Victoria Falls station. Here I felt that I was on the trail of the great missionary Livingstone. I remembered how he came and viewed the

Falls with wonder and was not able to cross at the spot which is now the crossing. I imagined what would happen had he forced his passage there, and now what science has made of it, the safest crossing on the Zambesi. We arrived at Livingstone later and the following morning I went to the Paris Mission. I found real friends there in the Missionary and his wife. They took me and entertained me with all kindness. They speak Sekololo as well as the natives speak it.

Cullen Reed's grave

I had to go back to Victoria Falls and I took a native passenger train. By a native passenger train I mean a train that carries only Bantu passengers, and ticket examiners being Bantu the only Europeans are the guard and drivers. On Friday the 11th I took a lorry to Maun. I found Mr. Sandilands after a day's travel at Kachikau, a place near Kavimba where the Rev. Cullen Reed died. His grave looks lonely as one passes by the road but his voice seems to be heard still calling for more recruits. He lies there not as a dead body but as a living soul. We spent Sunday there.



Photo by]

Lotchakana Pan, on the way between Serowe and Lake Ngami.

[A. Sandilands.

The cattle of many Bamangwato owners are herded here by the Masarwa (Kalahari bushmen) for their masters. This is the pan at which the ill-fated Helmore-Price expedition halted for three weeks on their way up to Linyanti in 1859, and under a tree Mrs. Price's baby was born September 30th (see *Isabella Price, Pioneer*, by Maud I. Slater, 2s.).

Twenty-three lions

The people who came to church reported that about twenty-three lions attacked their cattle early that morning and they did not follow them because that would interfere with their going to service. So they left it for another day.

It is a common occurrence in that part of the country for lions to go about in such numbers. The Masubea church is very promising. The men are more than the women on the church roll and they are more learned. Very few women can read. After a day or two we set off for Maun. We passed through Mababe flats, the hunting veld of our fathers. There we saw herds of giraffes and flocks of *phala* and many other game. When we arrived at Maun the river was down and we tried to cross from drift to drift until we forced our way at the third.

Oxen pull lorry

The water went into the engine and we got stuck. Fortunately the Rev. P. Noke had come home from his long journey up country and he came down with his team of oxen to pull us up to the Mission station. Maun is a comparatively small village. Batawana proper form a small fraction of the population of Ngamiland, though they are the masters of the land. People who have

never visited this country think that it is very far away and that it is altogether a wild and uncivilised land. Such is not the case to-day. Science has reduced months to days. The journey that the ox-wagon did in three months the lorry can do in three days actually travelling at daytime on rough sandy roads.

Civilisation has arrived

There is civilisation all right in Ngamiland. There are stores, and good clothes are bought there and worn by men and women. Motor service has displaced the slow ox-wagon. It is possible now to travel through from Livingstone by motor to German West Africa. In Maun itself there is a Magistrate's office, the London Mission Station, the Medical Officer, four big stores, two butcheries and a tennis court. Lovedale, Healdtown and Tiger Kloof are represented by students who have been trained in them, so what is found in many other places is found also at Maun. Of course, there are lapses and shortcomings which are everywhere. The railway is the one civilising agency which is being missed in Ngamiland, and also the guidance of well-cultured and educated Europeans. The blind cannot lead the blind. The fact that the Maun Church and Ngamiland as a whole is still in its infancy is not because the men who were there before did not do their work

properly, but it is because they were not enough. What is needed if that country is to be brought to the level of other countries is an adequate staff of well-qualified teachers and trained evangelists. The drink evil is the curse of the country. It has been the cause of many deaths.

Medicines needed

The white man's medicine and skill has made the country more inhabitable. Now one finds ladies and their children enjoying the cool air under the veranda of their houses after an



Photo by]

[A. Sandilands.

A native sledge, laden with grain, starting out for the store to make a sale. This is in a village beside the Chobe River, opposite Linyanti. The young Church there is of very great promise.

exceedingly hot summer day. The work of evangelisation in Ngamiland is very difficult. Many things make it so. Scanty supply of medicine to Native evangelists is one of the chief causes. This I wish to

emphasise, because doctors tell us that prevention is better than cure. One finds himself forced to take quinine every night for several weeks and if one has none, he will be forced to fall a victim to the malaria.



Photo by]

Raditladi among his people.

[A. M. C.

Money and the L.M.S.

DR. JOWETT once said there was all the difference between a pound spent on building a house and a pound spent on building a life—the latter is a sacred use. Money can be turned from the secular into the sacred. Money given to the L.M.S. becomes sanctified £ s. d. Every Christian has considered, or ought to have considered, his responsibility for giving service in the Kingdom of Christ. Am I called to the ministry? Few only are evidently called! Am I called to the Mission field? Still fewer are called to such “all-giving service.” How am I called to serve? In many ways doubtless, but in so far as the L.M.S. is concerned the answer for the great majority is—I can only serve by prayer and gift.

* * * *

Money cannot be secular in such a connection, it spells continuation of life service to Missionaries on the field instead of premature dismissal or retirement, and it spells the opportunity of fulfilling a long-cherished, carefully trained for and singularly sacri-

ficial life-plan on the part of accepted candidates. To think of any of these being barred from such service through lack of “our” money is simply tragic.

* * * *

It is instructive to observe what happened during the past year. The total contributions from the churches are within a few hundred pounds of the year before; a splendid result considering the state of affairs. But fifty of our biggest churches are very seriously down, thousands of pounds between them. How does it come about that the total income is almost equal? Just because the great majority of churches have, under the allocation method, not only maintained their previous figure, but also have found their extra quota. If these fifty churches had only equalled their contributions of the previous year, the L.M.S. would just about have fulfilled the first year's share of the Three Year Plan for balancing the Budget. How important, how vital it is for the big churches to prevent fluctuation in their contributions! L. A.

IN THE GABOON FOREST

(BEING CHAPTER VIII OF "THE DEVIL IN THE BUSH.")

M. Felix Faure of the Paris Missionary Society has written a book ("The Devil in the Bush") which has already been widely circulated in French and German editions, and is now available in English. The translator is the Rev. Robert Glennie, of the Baptist Society's Congo Mission, who knows the dark jungle of African superstition from experience. M. Faure's book is startling in its simple and direct description of the tragedy of the Great Forest of Gaboon. The following example shows the difficulty of establishing that honest commerce for Africa which Fowell Buxton and David Livingstone so much desired. The people about whom M. Faure writes are those to whom Dr. Albert Schweitzer ministers.

I

ESINGONE, chief of the Ebinel clan, was fortunate. After having a long time hunted the elephant in company with, and for the account of, famous hunters, he had decided last rainy season to hunt on his own account. Having learnt all the ruses of the hunters he added to his knowledge the power of fetishes, without which, as everybody knows, one can do nothing. The village sorcerer, well paid, made the great fetish for elephant hunting, a secret fetish, into the making of which enter those mysterious matters which one cannot procure except by robbing some grave. Then, when all was ready, Esingone and his sons set out to look for elephants.

They were lucky, for they discovered at once a small family: the male, the female and a young one. After following them several days without being able to overtake them, they were at last able to shoot the male, which had magnificent tusks.

All the band arrived in haste, the women loaded with cooking pots and their brats, the men carrying their guns and axes. All were overjoyed at the enormous size of the beast, and rejoiced at this goodly wind-fall. Shelters were quickly raised, while Esingone, the sorcerer and some others, divided the game. That operation, long and most interesting, took the whole day, while the women cooked the viscera, and the pieces of meat as they were cut off were placed upon the grids, where they were dried in smoke and heat. All the horde gorged

themselves on the liver, lights and intestines, boiled. The bones were scraped and cleaned, the brain taken from the skull, all disappeared, even the eyes and tongue. The ants would not find much on the heap of white bones.

But everything has an end, even elephant feasts. At the next moon the horde took its way back to the village, the women loaded with pieces of meat dried and smoked, hard as wood, the cooking pots and brats on top, the men with their axes and guns. Reassured as to the refilling of the pot during the coming months, carefree and pleasure hunting, both men and women gave themselves up to enjoy life.

II

In the guard-house Esingone reflected, and conferred with his brothers and his sons. Those two tusks. They were beautiful and heavy. Each was a man-load, and at the current price each was worth a woman. Already Esingone had received several visits of chiefs from near or far, of which the aim, not yet admitted, was to exchange a young girl for a tusk. What was he to do? He had already a dozen wives. He had provided for each of his young brothers, for each of his adopted sons. His fame as a great chief would continue to grow in the forest villages and, assuredly, some youngsters whose fathers were poor would come to be adopted by him. These would be warriors, too, and he must give a wife to each. But Esingone had no need of more warriors. There were over a score of men in the village to whom he was father or chief. They were ready to march at his order. Then he was getting old, and did not love war so much as in his youth. He reflected.

The chiefs who would give a young girl in exchange for a tusk, what would they do with that tusk? Esingone knew well. That tusk would be exchanged again for a girl or a woman, and thus it would go from chief to chief, from village to village, through the forest, very far. Then finally a chief would carry the tusk to a white trader in his factory. The tusk, coming to a region which for a long time has had no elephants, has increased in value fivefold, and the white man would pay a good price for it,

not merely a girl, but quantities of goods, of guns, of powder, of cloth, of salt—splendid goods which come from that mystery land of the Whites.

Esingone knew this, but he had never visited the factory. It was too far. He knew only the little Pahouin trader who came sometimes to seek a little rubber at his village lost in the great forest. But this little trader could guide him—him and his tusks—even to the factory of the White man, down there on the banks of the great river.

At last Esingone decided. With half a dozen of his big sons he would go, loaded with the two precious tusks, upon the little path, towards the factory, towards the White, towards civilisation, towards the unknown.

III

The days of the march rolled by monotonously. The brain worked and warmed in the measure that they approached the end. All the superb goods appeared as a dream, charming and attracting. But all that these poor children of the forest dreamed did not approach the reality. The Store was overpowering. Esingone did not know where to look. The silk head handkerchiefs with their ruddy colours, the enormous strings of gilt beads, going from one nail to the other in interlaced garlands, the shining blades of the knives, the copper of the cauldrons, all this poor tinsel of the African factory blinded him, while the perfumery of the cakes of soap, the toilet waters for negroes, intoxicated him. The white man, good merchant, had seen the tusks, and welcomed his customers. He praised his goods, showed his cloth and his guns, knew how to flatter the chief. Then, knowing that a Pahouin is never hurried, that the brain of a Black is slow, very slow, to receive impressions, he installed the chief and his suite in the store itself. He took a bottle of that water which the Whites drink, and of which Esingone had heard men speak, and fraternally he

ordered a glass of gin to his guests, as the Whites do among themselves.

Esingone and his people had never tasted that water. Hesitating, they dared not refuse. The White man drank. How could they refuse to drink? . . . This was strange! Clear water that burned the throat! . . . This flavour, so strong, much stronger than the mint infusion! Yes, it was pleasant, and Esingone, willing to do as all the world did, and his people to do as Esingone, drank a second glass. . . . Prudently the White man refused to pour out a third glass. The Black had to be accustomed to alcohol little by little! Already Esingone's eyes glittered; he spoke; he was excited. . . . That was enough for to-day. To-morrow we shall see. And the paternal White sent these savages to sleep in a shed.

Esingone had a little headache. He ate nothing that evening. What things to tell! The cloth, the guns, the beads, the knives, the water which burns, the elephant's tusks, the little girls. Esingone slept.

In the morning they were all afoot, and Esingone began to discuss the price of the



Drawn by

The lost people of the forest.

[Kingsley Cook.]

tusks in bargaining which had no end. At noon the White man offered another gin, and at last, the following evening, the sale was finished, a sale extremely advantageous for the merchant.

IV

Esingone and his men took the road loaded with guns, cloths, powder, other wonderful things, and a case of twenty-five bottles of gin. But nothing was heavy to the robust shoulders of young men whose thoughts returned unceasingly to the glitter of the factory, and then leaped forward to picture the amazement of the women in the village. The bundles, carefully wrapped and tied, were transported day after day; the pace was quickened, and at last the little caravan returned to the village safe and sound, bearing all the glories of civilisation.

The next day Esingone, without haste, untied the bundles and, bit by bit, placed all his riches in his bark boxes. He could scarcely get them all into his house.

In the evening all would enjoy themselves. The tom-tom commenced to sound as soon as night fell, and all the inhabitants of the village, men and women, began to dance. The clapping of hands alternated with the stamping of feet, the chorus with

the solos. From time to time a man left the dance and went to swallow a mouthful of gin from the bottle, then returned to his place. The women were forbidden to taste the Water of the Whites. Many hours the dance went on, to the throbbing, more and more urgent, of the drums. Fatigue seemed to have no hold upon these dancers, whose excitement grew. Their legs were by turns steel and rubber, following or even preceding the rhythm of the tom-tom. The songs were taken up with renewed force, and the forest sent back, echo upon echo, the noise of the fête. The lovers of gin rapidly emptied one bottle after another.

But what was Esingone doing? He appeared to be leaving the dance. With eyes inflamed and evil face, he sought a quarrel with one of his brothers. He found that young man following too closely his favourite wife. An oath was uttered, and the retort followed. The two brothers threatened each other, moved towards each other, staggering. Immediately the dance stopped, but the men, instead of calming the adversaries, took sides. The women did not understand this sudden quarrel between two brothers who had always lived at peace, and saw with amazement all the men of the village beside themselves, with an exasperated fury which they could not



Found! Forest people attending Dr. Schweitzer's Medical Mission.

understand. They cursed each other, ran one against the other, fell, rose up, and then there was a general fight.

Esingone, his eyes red, his face bloody, rushed to his hut and seized one of the White man's knives. He plunged it into his brother's chest. The blood flowed, the women fled into the forest, screaming. Several wounded men, lying on the ground, were set upon again. A resin torch was knocked down; one hut caught fire, but the drunken combatants did not even see it, and the fire spread to all the huts of bark and leaves. Soon all were ablaze, and the men, unable to stand, were incapable of fighting the flames. A barrel of powder exploded with a formidable detonation, then another; quickly all the rest exploded, wrecking what was left of the village, and burning the forest. The terrified women

continued to scream, and the fire destroyed everything.

At dawn the women dared approach. Esingone's brother was dead, and two other young men. Many were wounded, others burned. Esingone sat on the ground. He had the appearance of a madman. He did not know what had happened; he knew not where he was. All the village was burnt. All the fine goods, the price of the two tusks, were burnt. All the store of smoked elephant meat burnt. The tools, the mat-tocks, the axes, were destroyed.

Tears, screams, lamentations broke out. Here were a people lost in the forest, beside a heap of cinders, without food, or shelter, or tools, and with wounded and dead!

It was thus that Esingone, the chief of the Ebinel of the Great Forest, came into contact with civilisation.

The Way of Access

A Prayer for Brotherhood

O GOD our Heavenly Father, renew within us the spirit of brotherhood and the sense of membership of Thy great family, brother caring for brother, and sister for sister, not counting the cost.

We are so separated from one another by distance and by circumstance that it is easy for us to forget and to go about our daily business concerned for ourselves alone. Help us to be concerned for men of every class and race because they are Thy children.

We thank Thee for all who have brought men and women into the glorious experience of sonship in lands across the sea. Give them renewal of strength in preaching, teaching and healing, and grant that none may be hindered in their work or recalled from their labours because of our failure to supply their temporal needs.—Amen.

Watchers' Prayer Union—New Branches

Church.	Secretary.
Churchtown, Southport.	MRS. WATERHOUSE.
Shaftesbury Crusade, Bristol.	MISS W. TRIBE.
Leintwardine.	REV. W. B. FEAKIN.
Elgin.	MR. J. ANDERSON.
Wembley Park.	MR. H. B. HOLMES.
Alma Road, Sheerness.	MRS. HADDON BEER.
King's Weigh House.	MRS. JEFFERY.
Digbeth Institute, Birmingham.	MR. H. NICHOLLS.
North Avenue, Chelmsford.	MISS M. K. JACKSON.
Blackheath, N. Worcs.	
Aux., Birmingham.	MR. R. M. DAFFURN.

Morning Prayer

FIRM when all round me is in flux and
seething,
Strong when the knees are quivering
and fail,

Beat of my heart's beat, energy of breathing,
Over my frailty wilt Thou prevail—
In the secret places of the spirit,
In the silent spaces of the morning
I come to Thee.

Giver of joy beyond my best conceiving,
E'en to the stricken on his lonely trail,
In Thee I find the glory of achieving,
Resting on Thee I do not fear to fail—
In the secret places of the spirit,
In the silent spaces of the morning
I come to Thee.

Friend who wast by me on my first arising,
Nor wilt forsake me when the light is spent,
Unto the child-like ever more surprising,
Filling the restless with a deep content—
In the secret places of the spirit,
In the silent spaces of the morning
I come to Thee.

(The late) HENRY T. HODGKIN.

July, 1930.

(From the Student Movement.)

Pentecost in Our Time

By EDWARD SHILLITO, M.A.

I

AS on the Day of Pentecost the sun rose upon one land after another, Christian people read once more the story of those "on whom the Spirit came." It was a memory shared by all who are in the fellowship of our Society. There was also a prayer in which all of us in every land joined: *Come, Holy Ghost*. All knew how there came mighty rushing winds and tongues of fire; how something happened in the inner life of certain disciples of Jesus, gathered in an upper room; how a new witness of courage and power was begun that day. All of us knew that we still needed that same power in these days. It is something to know that we are not alone in our memories and our hopes. In many tongues and in many spiritual conditions we shared the same things.

II

It is right that we should think of the enterprise committed to us in terms of the money which is required. It is right that we should face the intellectual problems of our day, and seek to make "eternal truth become present fact." It is right that we should make our surveys of the tasks before us, and think in terms of wise constructive policy. But in the last resort we have to reduce our enterprise to terms of power. It is driving power which we need.

III

The New Testament so far as it is a treatise, is a treatise upon dynamics. It tells of a strange necessity laid upon man; it is the story of man constrained and driven by a Power, which lifted him into the eternal purpose of God in Christ Jesus; of man delivered from a specious freedom into a glorious bondage. There came a driving power in the lives of these children of the ancient world; it was terrible in its advance as the prairie fire; it was mighty as the storms which Peter had known on the lake, or Paul when his ship was hurled onwards in the Adriatic. We miss much that is in the New Testament because we *will* treat it as a study in still life, when all the time it is the story of movement and revolution, of old things swept away, and a new world created. Pentecost means that. We sigh for it in our hymns. We need it. *Do we desire it?*

IV

Let us begin with ourselves. *Lord revive Thy Church, beginning with me*. This prayer of the Church of Christ in China must include this other prayer: *Lord, grant Thy Church to re-experience Pentecost, beginning with me*. It is a personal matter. We in the L.M.S. are bound to be concerned with vast figures and long lists of names. We speak inevitably of tens of thousands. We speak of the Churches and the part which they fill. But there are times when each of us must remind himself that *he himself* is the missionary problem. Solve that problem and something is permanently won. We should take occasion at Whitsuntide not simply to recall how the Church of God halts for lack of power, but also how we each of us halt. We are in need of the same reinforcement, and we can receive it. *But do we want it?*

V

All of us have known companies of people desperately eager to find something to do in order to justify their existence. The Church of God is not in the position of such a society, seeking an outlet for its energies. It is rather in the position of a society faced by demands too great for it to meet. At home and abroad we are humiliated by the vision of an inheritance which we cannot inherit. We have a witness to give, and we despair of giving it. We need power, as all must admit. Where shall we find it?

VI

We think of the inheritance committed to us, for which we are not meet. It is an inheritance which is a centre of tireless activity. It is the land which catches its tone from its King who ever liveth to make intercession ceaselessly and pleads the eternal sacrifice. We are called into that inheritance of prayer and sacrifice and toil and benediction. Are we competent to enter into it and to serve it? If not, how are we to be made worthy? Power we need, such as the Apostles knew and called the Holy Spirit. He was for them the Lord of Life. Never is there mention of the Spirit without these associations of Power and Energy. Theirs was a problem in dynamics; so is ours. That problem was solved once. Why not again?

VII

But that power will not come to us simply in order to reduce our deficiency or square our budget. If we seek for the Holy Spirit to equip a Society or to save it from humiliation and failure, we may become like the preacher who prays that he may be endued with the Holy Ghost in order that his church may be filled. When the Apostles were waiting in the Upper Room they were exposing their minds and hearts to God. They were listening for His voice. They were seeking to learn His will for them, but they desired God above all things. And according to their faith, it was done unto them. Pentecost should mean for us first of all a new experience of God in Christ.

VIII

Pentecost will not be re-experienced on any other terms. It means the death of egoism, even the egoism of a Society. A new power is given in the strength of which we say, "We live and yet not we." "I live

and yet not I." "The L.M.S. lives and yet not the L.M.S., but Christ in it and through it." Perhaps missionary societies also have to be crucified with Christ and to rise again in Him. Always the same truth holds. The Society or the man who has experienced Pentecost can never think of himself apart from the Kingdom of God. The Missionary Society under that power will always think and plan and pray, not in isolation, not in anxiety for its own fame, but as an instrument available for the Lord of Life. It will die to itself and live unto God.

IX

We do sincerely long for the power which was released in those early Christian days. We hope to see the revival of the Church, and to watch its banners advance into new lands. We are ready to have the results of Pentecost. But are we as ready to pay the price? We should love to see the multitudes added to the Church. But something happened before that.

From Two Indian Hospitals

Someone Cared for Her

D. B. arrived among the out-patients with erysipelas. It was a terribly inflamed arm and hand and shoulder, with a sloughing wound covered with an indescribable rag. She did not mind being isolated, she was only too grateful to be taken in at all. She did, however, greatly appreciate one and another going to talk with her sometimes, and she heard wonderful news. She was not just a poor ignorant village woman of little account. There was Someone who cared supremely—Who, in fact, had provided the hospital where she might be cured. She had much to suffer but she never complained, rather, except when the fever was high (she had malaria), she usually managed to smile. But if we believed in isolation for her, her many village friends and neighbours did not. Frequently little groups of them were to be seen squatting within ear-shot, and they all rejoiced with her when, her patience and faith rewarded, she eventually left, happy, healed, and very grateful. (*From Miss Gifford, of Jiaganj, North India.*)

Husbands and Wives.

Our medical and surgical wards continue to be filled with patients who are suffering

either from the effects of neglect or mismanagement during childbirth, or who are the victims of venereal disease. Some of the latter suffer greatly, and to their physical suffering is sometimes added the bitterness of knowing that they cannot hope to bear children again. In some cases the husband, although probably responsible for his wife's affliction, makes it a reason for casting her off, or for taking another wife.

Neyvoor Hospital Full

The busiest year in all our history of ninety-four years has just closed, and without even time to look around we are flung into another year which promises to keep us at it more strenuously still. Neyvoor Hospital has been almost continuously over-full, and if a visitor at night chanced to look round the wards, he would see not only the beds and verandas full, but many people sleeping between and even under the beds. We have often had to operate not only the whole morning, but afternoon and evening as well, and the nursing staff has in consequence had a terrible lot to do. In spite of this the death rate of our surgical cases is substantially less than it is in the large hospitals in London and in the Presidency towns in India.

An Indian Christian Temple in Mysore

By the REV. W. E. TOMLINSON.

(Reprinted by permission of the Methodist Missionary Society from "The Kingdom Overseas.")



Photo by]

[Barton, Son & Co.

The new church at the Kanarese Training Institution, Tumkur, built in Indian style.

THE charge has been brought against missionaries that they present Christianity to the East in a Western garb, and denationalise those who become Christians. Some of the evidence is not so strong as it seems. The adoption of Western clothing, for instance, by the town dwellers in China and India is not due to the influence of the Church alone, it is a sign of the general inflow of Western ways. In recent years many churches and other buildings have been designed on Indian or Chinese lines. Here is a very notable instance from Mysore.

IT is sixteen years since the erection of the Union Kanarese Seminary in Tumkur, in the State of Mysore. Two Missions, the London Mission and the W.M.M.S., united in the scheme for the training of evangelists. Last year a third Mission, the Methodist Episcopal Mission of America, came into full working partnership with the Seminary, which, by the way, has recently been rechristened the *Samyukta Karnataka Vedavidyalaya*. I think that if you heard this Sanskrit name pronounced,

you would agree that it is melodious. At least it is Indian. It means "The Union School for Bible Study."

It was to be a truly Indian *matt*, the home and sacred college of a *guru* or religious teacher. So perfectly was the building designed that an Indian, though ignorant of its purpose, could hardly mistake it for anything else than a *matt*. The main block of buildings is two-storied; the *matt* is self-contained, and is built about a square courtyard; the deep front veranda is supported on finely-carved teak pillars. Most of the decorative details have been copied or adapted from the old houses that used to stand in the Fort in Mysore, the homes of members and connections of the Mysore princely line.

Much that is strong and chaste in Indian domestic architecture has been reproduced in our *matt*; on the other hand, there is an entire absence of the crudeness and tawdriness that so often disfigure otherwise fine work in an Indian sacred house. Indian symbolism has, of course, to some extent been replaced by Christian. Over the main

entrance is inscribed the disciples' question, "Master, where abidest Thou?" and our Lord's answer, "Come and see." Above the front door is the Cross on the sphere of the world, with sun, moon and stars, an adaptation of well-known Hindu imagery. At the ends of the veranda, over other doors, are the Christian emblems of the Dove, and the Lamp which is the Word of God; while carved on the capitals of the pillars of the veranda are the ancient Christian symbols of the four Gospels. In the dining-room hangs the lovely Medici print of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. During my years in the Seminary I have often thought how happy are the men who, from what they see in the home of their student days, learn to love the best that Hinduism can give and to find in Christ what Hinduism lacks.

The scheme for the training of Indian workers that Mr. Thompson* formulated included the training of men teachers and of Biblewomen. The District Men's Normal School is at present housed in the main Seminary building, and some years ago I secured an excellent site, opposite the Seminary gates, on which a Normal School and Hostel can be built when the number of teachers to be trained justifies the separation. Biblewomen are trained under Miss O. E. Hornby in the Women's Bible School in another corner of the large Seminary compound. Until recently almost the only building in all Mr. Thompson's scheme that was not provided was the chapel, the need of which the years have emphasised. Not only morning and evening prayers for Seminary and Normal School students, but also the Sunday evening and week-even-

ing services attended by the students and by the people of a Christian hamlet hard by, had to be held in the Seminary hall, large enough indeed for Seminary assembly, but far too small for the congregation of sixty or more that every week sought room in it. Even more uncomfortably crowded was the hall at the times of our annual Convention for Evangelists, our District Teachers' Conference, and our Biblewomen's Retreat. The Seminary is our District Swanwick. It is our "House of the Lord, whither the tribes go up to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord;" yet the one thing that it lacked was a temple.

For years it has been our dream to build a chapel that should be in truth an Indian Christian temple, and the photographs that accompany this article will show you how the dream has been fulfilled. One of the three leading styles of Hindu architecture, the Chalukyan, has reached its greatest perfection in the Mysore State. In temples of that style the central shrine is star-shaped, and the circular tower over it rises in steps, "with a flat band on each face in continuation of the larger face below." Before the shrine is a long porch, open at the sides, its

* Rev. Edgar W. Thompson, of the Methodist Society



Photo by]

The interior, showing the beautiful chancel.
The worshippers sit in Indian fashion on the tiled floor.

[Barton, Son & Co.

roof supported by pillars. This porch, walled in, naturally becomes the nave of a Christian chapel. For windows, the Chalukyan temple has pierced slabs of marble or of stone. The temple stands on a plinth or terrace of stone, several feet from the ground and about ten feet wide. Alternate lines of stone in the outer edge of this plinth are often set in so as to cast a deep shadow round the building, and this throws up the temple even more effectively than would the plinth alone.

When Mr. A. J. May, the Methodist Society's architect, was on his way home from China, he called at several of our stations in India, and among them at Tumkur. There he learned just what it was we needed for our chapel. Mr. Thompson supplied him with a photograph of a fine example of a temple of the Chalukyan style, and working on this Mr. May sent us a preliminary plan of the chapel we have built. In the preparation of the final plan we had invaluable help from Mr. R. Dann, the well-known architect of the Madras Government, a most faithful friend of all such Christian schemes as ours. The photographs will show those respects in which we have been able to suggest that it was the Chalukyan style that we had in mind. The points of the eaves board have reminded non-Christian friends of the Chalukyan star. The *gopuram* or tower is true to Indian type, though upon no single face of it is there any carving. Our windows are of pierced teak, and they are a reproduction of the exquisite pattern of the marble screen that surrounds the tomb of Sheikh Selim Chisti at Fatehpur Sikri, the Emperor Akbar's deserted capital

near Agra—a Mohammedan contribution to the style of our Indian Christian temple. The plinth on which the chapel is raised, with its clearly defined shadow lines, gives to it Chalukyan dignity and grace.

That the building is designed to unite in Christian service the highest thought of Christianity and of Hinduism is suggested by the symbol that is reproduced on many of the panels of the carved and studded doors and on the front of the reading desks seen in one of the pictures of the interior—the Cross on the Indian lotus. How often have we found in our preaching throughout the District that the Cross makes a supreme appeal to the people of this country when it is presented with an Indian background. The Cross itself crowns the summit of the *gopuram*, the marble cross being the gift of the Hindu contractor who carried out our plans. At the end of the marble tiled chancel is a lovely cruciform window, but it is far more beautiful than any still photograph can show. Its open-woodwork tracery is of the Vine, its branches and its fruit. Beyond the window, behind the chapel, are some fine trees, whose green branches make a deep background to the carved symbolism



Photo by]

[Barton, Son & Co.

A corner of the nave with its exquisite windows, so true of Indian style.

The windows are unglazed, being of Indian open tracery, carved in teak. They resemble the windows of Indian temples, tombs, and palaces, which consist of pierced slabs of marble, alabaster, or some other stone, and admit both air and light. The few seats are provided for Europeans or others who prefer to use them.

of the window. When the branches are parted by the breeze, light dances through, giving movement and life to the window, which suggests that He Who died, lives. "The Lord reigneth from the Tree." The pillars themselves are seemly shafts of polished granite. Grace and Truth we have named them, upholding the Cross-crowned tower as they do.

I took an old Hindu friend to see the

chapel one day soon after its dedication. As I drew back the curtain screening the porch from the nave, he exclaimed: "This is a place where one could worship God." A missionary writes of the chapel as a hallowed place. The brass tablet in the porch declares that the chapel was "dedicated to God, to the praise of the glory of His grace." Through the chapel and its manifold service, hallowed be God's Name!

Ways and Means

THANK you very much for sending the specimen copies of *News from Afar*. I am pleased to say I have gained five new members; I gave the copies to children in my Primary Class, they were very interested in last month's issue as it dealt so largely with the *John Williams*; three of the children collect every year for the ship.

I suggested to the children in the Primary that we should have a glass jar in which to put the collection taken every first Sunday in the month for the *John Williams*. They were very eager to do so, and I am happy to say our jar is mounting up and will be opened at the end of March. I pass this idea on, hoping other Primary Schools will do the same. In future will you please send 12 *Chronicles* and 9 *News from Afar*. (From *Southwold*.)

"Please add another *Chronicle* to the parcel for April and onwards. We are going forward one a month so far. It is better than going back." (From *Forest Gate*.)

Contributions

The Directors gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following anonymous gifts: L. C. L., 20s.; A Pensioner, 20s.; A Salopian's Easter offering, 10s.

The July "Chronicle"

Next month's issue of the *Chronicle* will be of special importance in view of the centenary of the Act of Emancipation, which is receiving widespread recognition.

Lord Olivier contributes an interesting article on Hatcham House, which shows the personal connecting links between the leaders of the Abolitionists and the Missionary Society; the great part taken by L.M.S. missionaries in their respective fields towards the overthrow of slavery will be dealt with by other writers, and the issue will introduce our readers to the whole important subject of emancipation and the Missionary's part in it.



Childhood in Nauru

The application of modern methods has removed the menace of leprosy from these children of Nauru Island. Nauru is an important phosphate island near the Equator in the South Pacific. The Rev. Percy Hannah is the L.M.S. missionary there. The British Empire Leprosy Relief Association reports that many cases of leprosy have been checked in the early stages and the spread of the disease arrested.

A Message from Headquarters

How the Financial Year Ended

THE response of the churches revealed an amazing fund of loyalty and love, and to read some of the letters that reached the Mission House was more than a joy; it was a means of grace. We have first of all to give thanks for the fact that in a year of almost unequalled financial stringency the home income has been maintained at practically the same level as last year. There was a falling-off of only £377.

But the hard and unlovely fact is that the increase of £8,000 budgeted for was not realised. Many churches, particularly small and medium-size ones, reached their quotas of increase; but other churches were not able to do so, with the result that the home income stands practically where it stood a year ago.

There are, however, other factors in the situation. It is good to be able to report that expenditure is down. The reductions of £12,000 called for in the last eighteen months have been made, and over and above that there has been a saving on expenditure of another £1,000. Happily also dividends have yielded some £3,000 more than was expected. But perhaps the outstanding fact has been the large amount of legacies, which have exceeded £34,000.

The total result may be expressed thus:—

(1) We have by means of legacies increased our investments, and slightly decreased our accumulated deficiency.

(2) We budgeted for a deficiency on the year of £7,500; we find ourselves with a deficiency of £12,000. That is to say we have a shortage of £4,500, which must be dealt with immediately, and appropriate reductions made.

(3) We have referred the matter to a committee and the June Board will have to deal with proposals that may involve adjustment and withdrawal.

The L.M.S. and the Abolition of Slavery

The year 1933 marks the hundredth anniversary of the passing of the Act of Emancipation. In July there will be celebrations in London, Hull and other places prominently associated with the name of William Wilberforce, while throughout the autumn the abolition of slavery will receive a good deal of attention.

Friends of the L.M.S. are entitled to recall

with gratitude that missionaries of the Society, such as John Philip and David Livingstone in Africa, Wray and Smith in Demerara, and Directors such as Joseph Hardcastle, its first Treasurer, played a leading part in this noble crusade. John Smith, one of the martyrs of the L.M.S., gave his life in this cause.

Churches are urged to mark the occasion by producing a play, or a "celebration," a lantern lecture or a pageant dealing with the fight with slavery. The play entitled "John Smith," by A. R. Headland (L.M.S., price 7d.), can be cordially commended. There is an excellent biography of John Smith by David Chamberlin (price 1s.), while a lantern lecture and celebration dealing with him are also available. The opportunity should certainly be grasped of reminding our churches of the honourable share taken by the L.M.S. in this century-old fight, and at the same time of evoking a vigilant public opinion with a view to stamping out the last remnants of this ancient curse.

Reading for the Summer

The past winter has been almost a record one for L.M.S. book sales. Two books on Africa, which were published on the same day last October, have gone into a second edition, and are still selling rapidly. Other books have also sold in large numbers. But the summer offers special opportunities for quiet reading, and it is hoped that everyone who reads this will make a point of reading at least one missionary book during June, and another during his or her holidays.

A. M. C.

At the Board Meeting

The Directors, at their meeting on April 26th, had the pleasure of receiving Professor T. C. Chao of the School of Religion, Yenching University, and the following missionaries:

Returning to their Stations.—Rev. E. R. and Mrs. Hughes (Shanghai), Miss M. C. Few and Miss E. E. Tidball (S. India), Miss Violet Taylor (Molepolole), Rev. J. A. Ross (Kambole), Dr. Margaret Morton (Mbereshi), Miss E. Lomas (Tananarive).

On retirement.—Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Onley of Central China (Mr. Onley has been appointed General Secretary of the Religious Tract Society in China).

THE READER'S GUIDE



Four Lessons on Khama.—By Chas. Burningham. (Livingstone Press, 2d.)

Teachers and others who have used previous issues of our "Four Lessons" series will order this new one with the fullest confidence in its helpfulness. New readers may be told that the lessons are for the use of teachers who have before them a class of boys or girls aged between eight and fifteen. It is best, if possible, to arrange that the lessons are used on four consecutive Sundays.

Talks on Chinese Disciples.—For workers among boys and girls. By Muriel R. Wray. (Livingstone Press, 1s.)

Miss Wray's excellent little book is No. 8 in the Talks (new) Series, issued by the United Council for Missionary Education, and it is prepared particularly for leaders of boys and girls from nine to thirteen.

It will be of special service to use in connection with Mr. Bitton's book on Chinese Pathfinders, which is due to appear this summer.

As is usual with the "Talks," there are suggestions for handwork by the scholars, and the whole scheme of the book is intended to provide the teachers with suggestions and material. We welcome this addition to a most useful series.

The Devil in the Bush.—By Felix Faure. Translated by Robert Glennie. (The Carey Press, 3s. 6d.)

M. Faure, of the Paris Missionary Society, wrote this astonishing book about two years ago, after working amidst the people he describes, who live in the same area as those to whom Dr. Schweitzer ministers. The French edition was quickly exhausted. There is a German translation, and now Mr. Glennie of the Baptist Society's Congo Mission has produced an excellent translation in English.

The book is a succession of word pictures which, without any embroidery of superfluous words, set forth the jungle darkness of a people in bondage to sorcerers and superstitions of the most terrible kind. Here is another crushing answer to the "noble savage" fallacy, and it is provided, not from a remote and past savagery, but from present-day conditions.

No one could listen with patience to the argument that the Negroes of the Great Forest of Gaboon are happiest under their own religion—after reading this book—they simply shout for deliverance from it.

Ventures in Simpler Living.—By Daniel Johnson Fleming, Professor of Missions, Union Theological Seminary, New York. (International Missionary Council or L.M.S., 5s.)

The author examines thoroughly a matter which has always been important for missionaries. It is the avoidance of such ways of living as those which cause a social gap between the missionary and the people he serves. It may be said that the difficulty created by diverse standards of comfort is generally removed when it is manifest that the motor car and the modern

accessories in the mission bungalow are helps to the missionary aim.

The author has at various times visited the mission fields, and is able to present in a most valuable and interesting fashion the experiments and achievements of those who have tried to live simply. The book is not propagandist for any particular method, that is for the readers to elect.

A Century of Emancipation.—By Sir John Harris. (J. M. Dent & Sons, 2s. 6d., paper cover.)

Nothing could be better for those who are preparing to celebrate the centenary of the Act of Emancipation than this new and comprehensive survey. It brings concisely together into one book the great story of the Abolitionists in England—the various struggles in Victoria's reign, and the modern examples of forced labour (the Congo, Putumayo and St. Thomé), not less disastrous to the negro victims than the undisguised slavery of the previous centuries.

In addition there is a clear outline of slavery as it exists to-day, awaiting final extinction.

The author has achieved an astonishing degree of compression. It is no small feat to get an intelligent account of a vastly important affair into less than seventy thousand words. There are a few points at which some readers will desire more knowledge, but there is here as much as is needed for most purposes, and it all bears the stamp of authority. It is good to see the fine portrait of Sir F. Fowell Buxton as the frontispiece—where it ought to be in any such book; Buxton carried on his shoulders the heaviest burden for twelve years after the death of Wilberforce. He was the chief exponent in England of the principle which animated Livingstone—Africans must be saved from selling one another into slavery by the introduction of honest commerce.

It was shown by Buxton in 1839 that it was not enough to outlaw the trade, or even to abolish it in British territory; so long as it was yielding high profits ways would be found to outflank the law. He gave evidence which proved that after the trade was made illegal it doubled in volume. As in other great reforms, the end was not achieved by force alone, nor by resolutions, but by public opinion expressing itself in support of the agreed course. There is yet much to be accomplished in this way, and the time is opportune for the spread of knowledge.

Books on China.—Several of the books needed for the interdenominational study of China which begins in September are already out. Miss Cox has written with knowledge her book called *If I Lived in China* (1s.), which has most charming pictures by Wal Paget.

The Land and Life of China, by William E. Sewell, is also out (2s.), so that seniors can prepare for the closer study of particular Chinese matters by absorbing in an agreeable way the elements of the human scene in the Far East.

After a Year in China

By ARTHUR F. GRIFFITHS, of Amoy.

IN our first year in China, we have witnessed or heard of at first hand, almost a complete cycle of the evils that can befall a nation, although we have also seen at work the one thing that can overcome them. Flood, famine, war, civil commotion, banditry, cholera, a long list could be written. But China is a huge land of striking contrasts, and although we have come into a time and place of almost intolerable strain, the high-lights of encouragement are no less bright than those of confusion and distress.

Kulangsu, Amoy

I shall not easily forget my first Sunday in the Chinese Church on Kulangsu. Imagine a surprisingly reverent congregation of upwards of five hundred Chinese, singing their own hymns, and led in their worship by a Chinese pastor, and you will understand the inspiration of such an experience to a young and not over-confident missionary. After twelve months, custom has not deadened that inspiration for me, and I am sure it never will. The Sabbath evening English worship, too, in which we

join with our Presbyterian and American friends, is a source of great joy.

A visit to Changchow on my second week-end in China, and the impressions gained, may here be extracted from my diary, and will be the more interesting as since then the place has been occupied by Communists, of which more later.

Visiting Changchow

At 2.20 p.m. I started off with Mr. and Mrs. Slater in a crazy launch, from Amoy to the mainland. To say that the launch was crowded would be an understatement. There is no such thing as "safety first" in China, and I am told that one such vessel foundered about eighteen months ago with the loss of 150 lives. However, the next would be just as crowded, so all one can do is to risk it.

On the mainland our luggage was examined by soldiers, whom I suspect of a greater desire to see the contents of a foreigner's bag than a passion for the duty of detecting contraband.

After this, we embarked on a bus; hard seats, no windows, and chock-full. It was a joy-ride. The road is about four years old,



Kulangsu Amoy, a general view.

just beaten earth, winding through a lovely valley for about forty miles to Changchow. Some places were very rocky and forbidding, and we could see bandit strongholds up the mountain sides. A breakdown just in these places might be a shade awkward. The scenery was most interesting to me. Great mountains in the background, and on either side of the road, fields of rice and sweet potatoes and plantations of sugar cane.

A ride of two hours brought us to the L.M.S. compound, just this side of Changchow. The position is lovely, though it seemed to me a little isolated.

On Sunday we went to service in the L.M.S. church. The pastor offered me a welcome to which I had to reply, interpreted by Slater. In the afternoon more sightseeing, including a religious festival with a gay procession, and, of all strange things, stone throwing as a kind of ceremony, ensuring life and health throughout the year—unless, of course, you are the unlucky recipient of a stone.

The whole place seems full of soldiers, and new roads are being made everywhere. *November, 1931.*

An amusing experience in November throws an interesting sidelight on the Sino-Japanese crisis. Mr. Phillips had asked me to pay a mission cheque into the bank for him. It was for \$8,000, drawn on the Taiwan Bank (Japanese). But feeling was so high that the bank cashier had to refuse it, saying that no Chinese clerk would go to the Japanese Bank to clear the cheque and collect the money. What was to be done? There was nothing for it but to go to the Japanese bank, cash the cheque, and then pay the money into our bank. Had I realised the bulkiness of \$8,000 (£530) in small notes, I might have thought twice about it. As it was, I went blithely into the Taiwan Bank—protected with barbed wire, by the way—presented my cheque, and then had to ask for paper and string to tie up the proceeds. Fortunately I had not far to go. *January, 1932.*

The son of one of our neighbours, a former L.M.S. pastor, is an accomplished Western trained artist who has exhibited at the Royal Academy. I had the opportunity of viewing some of his work in the New Year, and was much impressed. An exhibition of pictures in the approved London Salon style but in a Chinese house, was an experience. I mention this to show how the East is meeting the West, not only in the obvious

ways, and I have no doubt that this process of interaction will mean new departures both in pictorial and plastic art, and that the thousands of years of tradition and craftsmanship behind the Chinese artist will be of the utmost importance in this development. *March, 1932.*

A Sunday in March brought a very amusing incident in church. A visiting preacher made his sermon much too long, perhaps owing to the fact that the clock had stopped. After he had been going strong for thirty-five minutes, the caretaker appeared with a hammer and a long nail which he proceeded to drive into the wall. Having fixed his nail to his satisfaction, he withdrew, and the congregation, numbering well over five hundred, settled down again. But in a few minutes he reappeared bearing a kitchen wall clock, which he carefully hung upon his nail. He then discovered that the process of hanging had stopped his clock, produced a large key, wound it up, and set it right, upon which the clock loudly and aggressively struck eleven—the service starts at ten. Was the preacher disturbed? Not he. We got ten minutes more in spite of the hint. Strong man. There is evidently character amongst Chinese preachers. And the choir did not flicker an eyelid. Think of that, you London warblers. No. They were *not* asleep! *April, 1932.*

It is only fair to say that almost as much damage (at Changchow) was done by soldiers as by the Communists, and in any case the Communist army in China must not be judged by Western standards. To a large extent, of course, it is organised banditry, and must inevitably be so in a country where settled government and security are almost non-existent. But there is no doubt that some leaders are inspired with real Communist ideals, and such ideas find a ready ground among students and young people dissatisfied with present conditions, and hopeless of their amelioration by peaceful means.

The present task in every country is to discover that social and economic organisation which will give the utmost possible freedom to the individual while serving the interests of the whole community, and in China, as everywhere, much that is nothing to do with Communism, as the ideal social order, is given that label. China will work out her political salvation along Chinese lines; that salvation which means for her, as it means for us, the application of the teachings of Jesus to the life of society.



Shudra Generosity

WE have extended our operations to another village, or rather to a group of villages, four close together. We invited some twenty representatives of the caste villages, about five from each, to a retreat, and treated them as our guests. They responded and stayed with us for a series of meetings during three days. Each day in the evening practically the whole of the rest of the population of these four villages came to the night meeting where we preached, chiefly by means of slides, the way of salvation. At the end of the three days they wanted us to stay on longer. We had certainly to promise to come again soon, and in order that there might always be a place for the missionary to pitch his tent, and that he might stay long among them, one of their number gave free twenty acres of land with a well, and registered it forthwith in our name. Another well-to-do Shudra, hearing of this, came and offered thirty acres of good land quite free that we might use it for the good of the poor by establishing a new village there. Such a thing has never happened to me before. (From Rev. F. A. Arthur Rumpus, Cuddapah.)

The Indian Scene

It was good to see half a dozen young men, all Hindus and belonging to influential families in the town, file into the front bench in our church on a recent Sunday. They were members of the Good Templars Order who had come at the invitation of our pastor, whom they had made their chaplain. On that Sunday the newly-elected deacons were being received and dedicated to their office, each signing before the whole congregation the total abstinence pledge according to the rule of the church council. The deacons included men and women, Europeans, and Indians drawn originally from different castes. There we saw variety in unity through loyalty to the one Saviour.

It was also good to hear of the conversion of a girl belonging to the dancing-girl class. She began to detest the life she was living with a paramour by whom she had three

children. Her eldest child was ten, and she herself was only twenty-four. She consulted our district pastor, who obtained a teacher's post for her. She returned a thousand rupees worth of jewels to the man, and declared to her mother openly that she would no longer live the life of a dancing-girl. She has been trained as a midwife and for child-welfare work. Her first words on her return from training were: "Sir, I want to become a Christian. When I was in trouble there was none to speak a kind word. It is Christians only that can do real help." The testimony concerning her is: "She is a wonderful woman. She leads a Christian life. Everyone respects her." She will be baptised after she has been able to arrange with her relatives about the children. (From a letter from Rev. Ralph Robertson, Coimbatore.)

Broadcastings in June.

The following special broadcasts are taking place this month:—

God and the World through Christian Eyes, 8.15 p.m.

June 4th. Course II, No. 4.—*Christ and Faith in God*: by the Right Reverend H. R. Mackintosh, D.D., D.Phil., Moderator of the Church of Scotland.

June 18th. Course II, No. 5.—*Christ and Human Conduct*: by the Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's.

Both these will be preceded by a short studio service at 8 p.m.

Two of the most interesting talks in the Slavery series will be given on June 12th and 19th. The first discusses the results of emancipation in the West Indies, and the second, by Miss Margery Perham, will deal with what has followed abolition in West Africa. In both these areas, formerly living under a reign of terror, the natives have progressed in an amazing manner in the last quarter of a century. Much of our cocoa, sugar and fruit is grown by native labourers, often on their own land, and the volume of trade thus developed is enormous. In Nigeria alone, over 20 million people are now living free, happy, contented lives.

Our New Treasurer

On July 1st, Mr. R. A. Pilkington is taking over from Mr. J. C. Parsons the office of Treasurer to the L.M.S.

Those who know how greatly the work of our Society has been strengthened and enlarged by the work of its Treasurers in the past will appreciate the importance of the office, and wish for Mr. Pilkington a long and happy association with his new duties.

MR. R. AUSTIN PILKINGTON is a member of a family which for generations has been connected with Ormskirk Street Congregational Church, St. Helen's. Always they have had a deep interest in the work of the L.M.S., and many of the best-known L.M.S. missionaries have stayed with the Pilkingtons.

Until recently Mr. Pilkington was the Chairman of Pilkington Bros., the well-known firm of glass-makers of St. Helen's. He still is a director of the firm, but has more leisure now than he once had. He has travelled frequently and extensively in connection with the firm in every part of the world.

For many years Mr. Pilkington has taken a prominent part in municipal work. At present he is Chairman of the St. Helen's Education Committee. He is in everything in the town which is to the common good. During a recent visit to India he became acquainted at first hand with our Missions there.

Mr. Pilkington is Treasurer of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

The Hon. Mrs. R. A. Pilkington is closely associated with her husband in all his work. Her sister was the wife of the late Rev. C. Silvester Horne.



Mr. R. Austin Pilkington, J.P.

PREVIOUS TREASURERS.

	Appointed
Joseph Harcastle	1795
William Alers Hankey	1816
Thomas Wilson	1832
Sir Culling Eardley Smith	1844
Hon. Arthur Kinnaird	1864
John Kemp Welch	1875
Sir Albert Spicer	1885-1910
Sir J. Compton Rickett (Joint-Treasurer)	1905-1909
Sir Robert Laidlaw	1910
Sir Evan Spicer	1916
William H. Somervell	1918
James C. Parsons	1930

Mr. James C. Parsons retires

WHEN Mr. Pilkington takes office on July 1st the Society will remember the debt of gratitude owing to Mr. James C. Parsons, its present Honorary Treasurer, who has felt obliged to relinquish his position because of the increasing demands of his professional work. Many will recall with pleasure the fact that his father, the late Mr. Geo. C. T. Parsons, of Birmingham, was Chairman of the Board in 1902, and one whose presence was always a stimulus and encouragement to others. Mr. James Parsons was himself elected Deputy Chairman in 1930 and would

in due course have been Chairman, but he resigned the Deputy Chairmanship on being elected Treasurer in 1930.

The Directors have by resolution expressed their warm appreciation of the services which Mr. Parsons has rendered to the Society.

By his constant attendance at committees, his expertness in finance, and his devotion to the aims of the L.M.S., Mr. Parsons has in three years helped forward he work in many ways which will be gratefully remembered by all who have been associated with him in the important affairs with which, as Treasurer, he had to deal.

5

GOOD REASONS

For wise expenditure on books.

■ KIDNAPPED IN CHINA. By Ernst Fischle.

(Translated into English by Marie S. Christlieb).

The experiences of two German missionaries who were captured and held to ransom by brigands.

3s. 6d. net ; postage 3d.

■ RETHINKING MISSIONS.

A turning point in the history of Foreign Missions. The report of the American Laymen's Enquiry.

SPECIAL CHEAP EDITION 3s. 6d. net ; postage 3d.

■ THE CHINESE CHURCH IN ACTION. By John Foster.

The Five Year Movement explained. The religious situation and present day opportunities for evangelism form the theme of this book.

2s. net ; postage 2½d.

■ NATIONALISM : MAN'S OTHER RELIGION. By Edward Shillito.

Nationalism yesterday and to-day viewed from the Christian standpoint, with specific examples from history.

Paper 2s. 6d. net ; postage 3d. Cloth 4s. net ; postage 4d.

■ THE LAYMEN'S REPORT REVIEWED.

Two articles reprinted from the International Review of Missions, commenting on the report and contributed by Prof. K. S. Latourette, Ph.D., and the Rev. John A. Mackay, D.Litt.

6d. net ; postage 1d.

5 GOOD BOOKS

Copies of any of the above books, and catalogues showing many more, will be gladly sent on application. Would you care to have specimen copies of this magazine for distribution to friends ? Send for a parcel.



THE LIVINGSTONE BOOKROOM,

42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

For use in Library only

For use in Library only

I-7 1933
Chronicle of the London Missionary

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00311 4958